proper punctuation is just a WASTE of TIME right buddy

-- steamy and torrid love-affair with hyphens --

if in doubt of protagonist's feelings, check the weather

In Your Room by blithesea, womenseemwicked

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Summary:

Left high and dry by their last conversation but now pretty confident Billy wants to get it on again, Steve decides he has to see Billy. One way or the other.

((chapter 1 is G, but sets up the hard E of chapter 2))

1. Say You Will

Author's Note:

> Billy and Max POV by ficsandfuckery (women-seem-wicked on tumblr), Steve POV by blithesea (bites-heal on tumblr).

Summary for the Chapter:

> Steve parks in front of the beige one-story he once dropped Max off at, runs a hand through his hair, takes a deep breath, and smiles. A mother-charming smile. Good afternoon, ma'am, is Billy at home? I am in no way thinking of bending him over his desk and kissing him until he passes out, thank you for asking.
>
> Oh man, he is so dead.
>
> What he hasn't counted on is Max opening the door.

Notes for the Chapter:

> this chapter is G, but sets up the E that will come later in the week. ;) thank you all so much for your lovely responses to this series so far!

The roads to Billy's house really don't get any less shitty during the day, but Steve can't give a fuck. He only got home from the airport a couple of hours ago, but ever since the night Billy called him at the hotel and his dad came home so suddenly, he's been buzzing with Billy on his mind. It's not that he wants to check if Billy is okay. Sure, his dad seemed a bit mad. But parents could be like that. Nevertheless, Steve couldn't shake the wish, the need to see Billy with his own eyes. Their whole thing on the phone had been too surreal. Even after jerking off in the shower afterwards, he'd had an uncomfortable semi pretty much all night long. So now he's home, and he's not gonna wait until Monday to see Billy. No way, José. He might *die* sooner than that.

Steve parks in front of the beige one-story he once dropped Max off at, runs a hand through his hair, takes a deep breath, and smiles. A mother-charming smile. *Good afternoon, ma'am, is Billy at home? I am in no way thinking of bending him over his desk and kissing him until he passes out, thank you for asking.*

Does Billy even have a desk? Steve decides it doesn't matter. They'll just make do with what's there. He gets out of the car.

"Hey Billy, I was wondering if you could lend me your History notes for the last two weeks," he mumbles on his way to the front door. "Hey Billy, can you show me what we've been doing in Geography?"

Heh. Doing.

Oh man, he is so dead.

What he hasn't counted on is Max opening the door.

"Oh," Steve says. "Hi. Um, is Billy there? It's about… homework stuff?"

Shit.

--

Max raises both eyebrows and leans into the door, pointedly not letting him in.

"Homework stuff…" she repeats skeptically. And she isn't sure if she's doing it to be an ass, or to try and keep Steve away from her stepbrother. Because Billy is trouble and Steve, well, Steve is all right in her book.

--

"Yeah, we got some classes together," Steve says vaguely, "and I missed all that stuff for the trip to Cali, you know. I figured he's got some notes, at least?"

He's trying to project a casual openness because he can feel Max is suspicious (*is that her default mode? If so, it's kinda smart*, he thinks

admiringly). And alright, as far as she knows, the last time he and Billy were in a room together outside of school they were bashing each other's brains in, but as far as Steve's concerned, that was light years ago.

"It's alright, really," he says, and takes off his sunglasses to make eye-contact with her. "It's just school stuff."

He looks over her shoulder to see if Billy is around somewhere, and in the far back he can see Max's mom puttering around in the kitchen, making dinner. Her father is sitting at the kitchen table, reading a newspaper. *Oh.*

--

Max follows Steve's gaze back to her mom and Neil and turns back to him with a bit of a grimace. She hasn't said much about Neil to the Party or to Steve, but still, they've probably gotten enough of an impression just reading between the lines.

"Well, come on in then," she shrugs, bored of whatever vetting she was doing of the situation. *He's a big boy, he can handle himself… In theory.*

She waits for Steve to close the door behind him and calls across the room to her mom.

"Mom, Neil, this is Steve, he's from Billy's school. He's, like, Dustin's big brother or something. Anyway, he's here to ask Billy for homework, 'cause he just got back from a vacation."

"Hi Steve, nice to meet you," her mom says from the kitchen, but Max doesn't wait for whatever smalltalk she has plans for, instead grabbing Steve by the arm and pulling him to Billy's door. She knocks once before pushing it open.

"Hey, burnout! You've got company," she says, even as Billy sits up on his bed looking about ready to yell at her for intruding.

But then his eyes alight on the teenager behind her and suddenly widen. Not with further anger, or disgust, or whatever else she'd expected, but with… Worry? Max shakes her head and turns back to

Steve.

“I’ll be next door if you need another syringe or something,” she only half jokes, patting him on the arm. “You kids have fun,” she rolls her eyes, getting the hell out of there.

-

“Steve?” Billy’s heart is in his throat as the older boy steps into his room. He’s stressed all week over hoping that he didn’t actually get drunk enough to call Steve all the way in California, or that he got *so* drunk that he imagined all of it, but it seems he’s out of luck on that one. Steve’s presence here now confirms his memories of that night - such as they are.

He shakes his head. “You shouldn’t be here,” he intones, getting up from his bed, because *that* is not a place he wants to be when Steve Harrington is in his room. Not when Neil is just outside the open door.

“What are you doing?”

--

Steve steps a bit closer, can’t help the smile that’s spilling over his face just at *seeing* Billy. God, he’s such an idiot.

“Hey,” he says softly, because, yeah, parents. *Alright.* He turns around to close the door, but Billy makes a move to stop him. Steve frowns with confusion. The door was closed before he came in, he is sure of it.

--

Billy nods subtly towards where Neil is on the other side of the thin wall.

“He uh…” He swallows. Shakes his head. “Leave the door open.”

--

Okay. This isn’t really going at all like Steve had imagined it. Billy

doesn't look particularly happy to see him, hasn't even touched him. He tries not to be disappointed by the luke-warm greeting. Scans the room instead, hands in the back pockets of his jeans. Making the front ride just a bit tighter.

"Nice place you got here," he says, looking at the girl pinned to Billy's closet, and grins.

--

Billy looks around his room self-consciously. It seems suddenly embarrassingly sparse with Steve Harrington's perfect hair and honest-to-God suntanned fucking face in the center of it.

"It gets the job done," he shrugs. "Did Max say you were here for homework?"

He turns and heads to the shelf where he keeps his school things, writing implements and the like.

--

"That's right," Steve says, leaning in to take a look at Billy's tape collection. *Metallica, Metallica, Mötley Crüe, Led Zeppelin, oooh, Toto…*

"Like any notes you can give me or something? From our classes?" Whatever those are. He moves on to the vanity and smiles at the sheer number of hairspray cans.

--

"Yeah, well you missed a week and a half," Billy says pointedly, rummaging through his papers for a blank sheet of paper. Ah. Got it. "So it'd probably be easier just to get a tutor or something," he suggests, grabbing a pencil and beginning to scribble a hasty note. "But here's what I have. It should help get you started."

--

"Tutoring, now that's a *great* idea," Steve agrees, smiling. Billy is leaning over, writing something or other, and his loose shirt has ridden up a bit in the back. Steve comes up close to him and leans

against his side. Close enough to breathe in Billy's smell.

"You wouldn't have some spare time on your hands for that kind of thing?"

--

Billy nearly jumps out of his skin. Glances immediately at the open door.

"What are you *doing,* Harrington?" he hisses. "You trying to get me killed?"

He finishes off his note and shoves it pointedly into a folder of his actual schoolwork. Pushes it into Steve's chest.

"So yeah, I'd say a tutor, man," he says at a normal volume. "And then just, if you have any questions on those notes, you know where to find me."

He's pushing Steve out of his room now, a little. Taking the opportunity to cop a feel of his chest and his unassumingly toned upper arm. Wishes he could touch the skin without all this fabric between them. He needs Steve out before he does something worse than that. He needs Steve to go and read his note so he'll know Billy isn't whatever he's thinking he is right now.

"I don't need 'em back though. I've already got everything on a notecard for the test."

--

"Uh," Steve says eloquently.

He's almost starting to feel like Billy doesn't want to see him.

"Okay?" He lets himself be manhandled towards the door, not even thinking quickly enough to plant his feet, and he fumbles a bit with the stuff Billy shoved in his arms. Leans down to get a stray piece of paper, just as Billy does. Their fingers touch just for a moment, and Billy snatches his hand back like he's been burned. *What the hell?*

When Steve looks up again, there's Billy's dad standing in the lounge, looking at him with cool eyes. Steve resists the urge to run his hand through his hair.

"Good evening, Mr. Hargrove," he says politely, because his mother raised him right. "Alright, thanks for the notes and all, man. You're a lifesaver."

--

Billy nods and thanks god Steve has at least enough sense to leave now without trying to touch him or seem friendly at all. He doesn't meet his father's eyes. Hopes that maybe if he ignores it Neil will too. But then the door closes behind Steve.

"What was that about?" Neil asks immediately, not even coming into his room. He's making Billy come to him. A clear power play, but not one Billy can just ignore. If he doesn't go, he's disrespectful. And the punishment for that is worse than the punishment for being weak.

"Just some homework for the class we have together," Billy explains, forcing himself to stay calm and casual as he leans against the bedroom door. "He's been out of town for a couple weeks I guess, and since I'm doing well in the class I said I'd spot him some notes. Sorry I didn't warn you he was coming."

"What's the class?" Neil asks.

"Hm?"

"What's the class?"

"Oh, uh, Chemistry." *Jesus Christ. Did you just say Chemistry? You do have a class together. It's English. What the fuck?* "We've got a test coming up on the periodic table though, which elements are stable and all of that. And, I mean, the guy's a grade A idiot. There's no way he makes it past this test without a tutor." *Sound detached. Uninterested. A little put-out. Steve's* nothing*, dad. I* hate *the guy.* Please *leave him alone. For the love of God.*

"And you plan on tutoring him?" Neil says suspiciously.

“I don’t have the time,” Billy shakes his head. “But there are girls at school that love doing that shit. I’m sure he’ll find someone if he wants to.”

Neil narrows his eyes, but nods curtly. Satisfied. For now. He turns away, dismissing Billy just like that.

Billy feels strangely hollow. Like he just narrowly escaped a painful death. He closes his door again and falls back on his hard mattress with a groan.

--

Steve dawdles a bit by the door after Billy has closed it after him with a decided bang. He knows some of this must have something to do with the fact that his parents are home, and yeah, he gets that. He’s gone out with enough girls with hard-ass fathers to get the picture. But Billy was acting so weird, like he hated Steve a bit just for even trying to see him. That couldn’t be right.

He gathers the bunched bundle of papers trying to escape the folder and is about to walk back to his car when he hears muffled words wafting through the door. Hesitates when he realises they’re Billy and his dad’s, talking about *him*.

“… grade A idiot… no way he makes it past this test…”

Steve’s cheeks flush, and he starts to walk back to his car mechanically. The words don’t smart nearly as much as the callous voice in which Billy says them.

“Fuck it,” Steve mutters as he gets to his car and shoves the folder of notes on the passenger seat. He doesn’t need that kind of shit in his life.

Notes for the Chapter:

> In case anyone is interested, there are mood-board things for each of the fics in this series up on Theo’s tumblr here, great for reblogging and sharing with your friends ;)

2. Like A Ninja

Summary for the Chapter:

> There's no identifying mark, no name anywhere, no date. But Steve knows Billy wrote this for him. He lingers over the lines. Billy wanting to touch him. Billy looking at him, noticing the tan. Billy wishing they could talk, and touch, just the two of them.
>
> "Fuck me," Steve mutters and flushes slightly. He decides he doesn't care if Billy thinks he's dumb. As long as he still wants him enough to write stuff like this.
>
> He folds the paper carefully, puts it in his pocket and starts the car.

Notes for the Chapter:

> Billy POV by ficsandfuckery (women-seem-wicked on tumblr), Steve POV by blithesea (bites-heal on tumblr).

This is pathetic, Steve thinks. It's a Saturday night, he should be out at a party, having fun, instead of moping around at home. But he doesn't feel like doing anything, seeing anyone. So he goes for a ride. It's freezing outside, and dark and horrible. He wishes he could have stayed in California a bit longer.

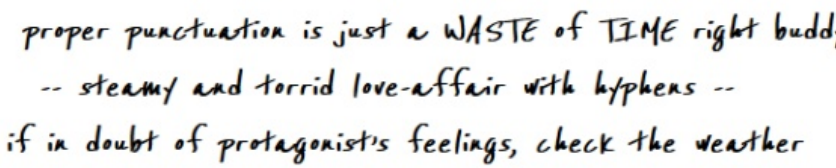
Or not, he thinks, a bit peevishly. California is a stupid state. Clearly, only idiots go there. *Grade A idiots.*

He sighs and leans back in his seat. Driving isn't really doing it for him tonight, but he can't think of anything else to do. He cruises through dimly-lit neighborhoods, empty country lanes. Doesn't feel like speeding and definitely isn't even looking for blue Camaros on the prowl.

Without meaning to, he gets onto the road to Bomont and decides to

stop at the Hi-Spot drive-in diner. The place is buzzing, kids from all over hanging out in their cars, chatting, eating junk food and listening to music from boom boxes. Steve doesn't really know anyone there, and he likes it. He gets fries and a soda and sits in the parking lot with his window open despite the nipping cold. The sound of drifting conversations calms him. He spills a few fries on the passenger seat, and when reaching down to pick them up, finds the folder Billy gave him the day before.

I should just toss this, Steve thinks meanly, but he opens it instead. It is full of sheets of tightly written notes. He skims over them, looks at Billy's handwriting. Looks to see if Billy has written anything in the margins. And yeah, maybe he's looking a bit for stuff like his name doodled in a heart, or something. Nancy used to do that sometimes. There isn't a single heart, but there's plenty of other stuff, and Steve can almost hear Billy's voice when he reads the commentary.


proper punctuation is just a WASTE of TIME right buddy
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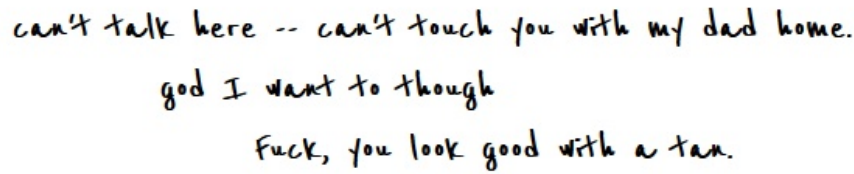
if in doubt of protagonist's feelings, check the weather

Steve has to grin, even though he understands only about half of those. Vonnegut? Are they even reading this shit in English Lit? If he takes up any of these thoughts, their teacher is sure to know he's been copying from another student.

"Waste of time," Steve mutters, and stares at the way Billy has written a capital S. Dammit, he's going moony over the guy's handwriting now? *You're an idiot, Steve Harrington.* At least Nancy and Billy agree on something. Why does he always have to have a thing for the smart ones?

When he flips to the next page, a loose bit of paper falls into his lap. He glances over it, almost dismisses it, then he remembers Billy writing something the other day. Hastily scribbled on a spare piece of paper. He glances down at the note in his lap.



There's no identifying mark, no name anywhere, no date. But Steve knows Billy wrote this for him. He lingers over the lines. Billy wanting to touch him. Billy looking at him, noticing the tan. Billy wishing they could talk, and touch, just the two of them.

"Fuck me," Steve mutters and flushes slightly. He decides he doesn't care if Billy thinks he's dumb. As long as he still wants him enough to write stuff like this.

He folds the paper carefully, puts it in his pocket and starts the car.

When he rolls slowly past the Hargrove residence nearly an hour later, he doesn't mean to stop. He just wants to see if Billy's car is in the driveway. The Camaro is parked on the other side, by the carport, along with two other cars. It's getting close to midnight, and the house is lying quietly and darkly, but. There's still a glint of light behind the blinds of Billy's room. Like maybe he's up late reading, which apparently is something he does a lot if his fucking notes are anything to go by.

Well. Can't leave the guy alone with his books, Steve decides and parks his car around the corner. Finds a good place to shimmy up to the side window, slowly, stealthily. Like a ninja. And carefully taps it with his keyring.

--

Billy glances up from the book in his hands and frowns. *Was that--?* But no. It has to have been the wind. His imagination. Still, better safe than sorry.

He swings his legs out from bed and crosses to his window on bare feet quickly. There's another tap. Other window. *Shit. Is that--?*

It is. Steve Harrington. Huddled at his window. He smiles that dopey

smile of his through the window when Billy sees him, and Billy knows that he has to open up, even if only to send Harrington away.

He tugs the window up and open, and leans right out at Steve.

“What are you doing here?” He hisses. “Didn’t you read my note?”

--

Steve’s tenuous balance on the windowsill is nearly upset when Billy leans right into him. He tries to dodge, flails his arms and almost topples backward, the only thing saving him is gripping Billy’s arm like he is drowning. He (very gracefully) swings one of his legs over the sill, because he isn’t entirely, completely, without a doubt sure that Billy wouldn’t let him fall to his death and call it a bad burglary attempt.

“Yes,” he says, very quietly, because he isn’t a *complete* idiot. Contrary to popular opinion. “I read it. Hi.”

--

Billy shakes his head, unable to resist a little smile at that, and grips Steve’s arm back, pulling him in to safety.

“Then you know you shouldn’t be here,” he hisses.

His bedside reading lamp illuminates them both with a warm glow, but Steve still looks unmistakably tan. It’s distracting. Billy puts his hands on Steve to keep him near the window, but can’t help running his left on up to Steve’s cheek.

It feels unfair that somehow this is always how they end up, with Billy so much more naked than Steve is. Steve, in his jacket and sweater, all dressed up for the cold, Billy clinging to his insane inability to sleep with clothes on, his only allowance for the Indiana winter being a pair of old sweatpants. He tries to hide that he’s cold, but his shivers aren’t hard to see.

“You shouldn’t be here, even at night. *Especially* at night.”

--

“Uh,” Steve says, fully intending to come back with something witty, or, well, at least cute, something which will make it impossible for Billy to throw him out. But then his brain registers Billy’s close proximity and the fact that Billy is not wearing a shirt. Which, granted, is somewhat par for the course for Billy. But paired with the fact that they’re standing close enough to share the same breath, makes it nearly impossible for Steve to form complete sentences.

Billy is *right there*, and his pajama bottoms ride low enough to show the dip going towards his groin, and just a hint of his pubic hair. And his nipples are hard, solid peaks. Steve reaches up, cups one of Billy’s pecs, gently squeezes his nipple. Billy hisses, maybe from the cold. Maybe not?

“Sorry,” Steve whispers, shaking his head, because he is feeling a bit dizzy. “What were you saying?”

--

Billy shivers and bites down on his lip.

“Steve,” he struggles. “Jesus, you’re hard to say no to.”

--

“Then don’t,” Steve smiles, because honestly, that’s just plain logic, and it’s not often he gets to beat Billy at that.

He leans in closer, lets his hand drift down to Billy’s hip. “You look kinda cold,” he says in a low tone, grazing his fingers over Billy’s hip-bone. “I better get that window for you…” He turns and slides it closed as carefully as he can.

“Now, where were we…”

--

Billy shudders a little at the jarring loudness of the window and glances over his shoulder half expecting his dad to already be there, but doesn’t push Steve off him when he returns.

“You can’t stay. Harrington, my *dad* is here,” he groans, pressing into

the touch anyway.

--

“Is he?” Steve looks around the room with wide eyes. “That’s weird, I don’t… see him?” He grins when Billy smacks him for that, but still thinks it was worth it. Then he leans in closer, both hands at Billy’s hips, just because they need to be quiet and it’s much easier to do that when they don’t have to shout over great distances. So really he’s just being responsible now.

“Maybe we could lie down on your bed for a bit, just to get you warm,” he suggests, his lips brushing Billy’s neck. “We’d be really quiet about it…”

--

Billy can’t help tilting his head a little to the side, giving Steve more access.

“You’re gonna get me killed, Harrington,” he intones, but as he says it he’s pulling Steve closer with hands on his lower back and working up under his layers of shirts searchingly.

--

“Mmmmh,” Steve lets go of Billy to help with that, less clothes is good. Billy’s far less likely to kick Steve out into the cold if he’s not wearing anything. Hopefully. He shucks his jacket quickly and pulls his sweater and shirt over his head, drops them to the floor. “Bed now?” he whispers hopefully.

--

“Fuck,” Billy shivers, his fingers tracing over Steve’s bare skin. “How far does this go?” he asks, of the tan. It’s so even and pretty, and looks so good with Steve’s dark eyes and hair. He didn’t know he wanted this but now he does.

--

Well, Steve could *tell* him, but where’s the fun in that? He starts

walking them towards Billy's bed.

"Why don't you…" he pushes Billy slightly to make him sit down, then takes Billy's hands and puts them on the button of his jeans, "find out?"

--

Billy groans and flicks a thumb out over the bulge in Steve's pants that betrays his size even when he's soft. He glances up at Steve's face through lowered lashes and growls:

"Lock my door."

--

Hell yeah!

Steve resists the urge to pump his fist in the air, just barely. He quickly walks over to the door, shucking his shoes on the way, and turns the lock. On the way back he pulls off his socks, hopping a couple of steps. He stops in front of Billy, a little out of breath because he was just *that fast.*

"Any other requests?" he murmurs, smiling.

--

Billy smirks and slides his hands up Steve's body just a little, pulling him in by the waist so he has no choice but to join Billy on the bed.

"Come here," he says, slotting their legs together so they lay pressed chest against chest.

--

"Mmmhmm, okay," Steve whispers, smiling. Billy's skin right on his own feels amazing, and they are pressed together in all the good spots. Plus, Billy is right in the best place for kissing, and Steve loves kissing. Like, a *lot.* He leans in to get a good taste of those lips while Billy is in a mood to let him.

--

This is different. Billy's nearly always been the initiator in things like this. The idiot who will go to the ends of the earth for a little cock. He's never liked being pursued and pined for and pushed into spreading his legs. It just never felt real like that. Never credible enough to be hot. But for once he's the one being pursued, and Billy finds he really likes it.

As Steve presses in to take his lips he finds himself closing his eyes and responding in kind easily. He kisses back with all the pent-up desperation he's been saving since Steve left, and parts his lips to let Steve's tongue inside. Billy's hands are restless on Steve's back and sides as they kiss, stroking over the soft, warm skin, imagining he can *feel* the California sun still on it.

--

Steve smiles into the kiss. He could do this all night. Kissing Billy is quickly knocking any other worthwhile activity off the top of the list, like breathing. Billy's touch is giving Steve shivers. Shivers he gives right back, skimming his fingers over the soft skin of Billy's sides.

--

Billy rolls his hips up into Steve's, pressing groin to thigh, and lets out a quiet gasp. Shaky. He slips one hand into the back of Steve's hair and holds closely.

--

It is a little odd, having Billy so silent, even though, alright, they've agreed to quiet. The better to not to wake Billy's dad with the banging. Steve gets it, but he also misses Billy's voice. It goes so deep when he's doing the sexy smooth seduction stuff, like that time on the phone. Steve smiles at the memory.

"So," he whispers in a pause between one breath-stealing kiss and the next, "You really missed me, huh?"

--

Billy breathes a laugh against Steve's kiss-swollen lips and rolls their hips together again.

“Says the guy who just climbed through my bedroom window, still smelling like plane,” he teases.

Steve gives him a look. Mumbles, “I do *not.* I *showered.*”

And Billy smiles and turns his kisses to his jaw. Admits against his ear, “Yeah, I missed you, Harrington.”

--

Steve can’t keep the smile off his face just from hearing that again. The thought that Billy fucking Hargrove is admitting that kind of stuff out loud… it makes Steve want to record it, so he can play it back whenever he needs a pick-me-up.

He stretches his neck to give Billy better access to it. “So… that jacket you were talking about… that night in my car… you got that here, right?”

--

Billy muffles a groan by pressing his lips hard against Steve’s neck.

“Too dangerous,” he murmurs and sucks hard enough to leave a mark on Steve’s neck, faint but noticeable. “I don’t want you quiet when you’re fucking me,” he adds with a smirk against Steve’s ear.

--

Dammit. Steve’s protest that he can be *so* quiet dies on his lips. He lets out a little huff of frustration, but he already knows that Billy isn’t going to change his mind on this. It’s already a small miracle that they’re here, together, on this bed.

“So tell me then, what’s it gonna be like when I do fuck you?” he asks. “Just so I know, when the time comes, so I won’t be taken completely by surprise…”

He lets the fingers of one hand drift to Billy’s midriff, caresses the

lean ridges of his stomach.

“Are we in a bed? In a car?” He smirks. “Gym locker room?”

--

Billy breathes shallowly through his nose at the placement of those fingers and looks down, willing them to travel further.

“How’s *your* bed for privacy, Harrington?” he breathes, smiling hungrily. “Bet you live in one of those massive houses out on Dearborn, don’t you?”

He trails his own hand down to the matching place on Steve’s slightly softer belly and leaves it there pointedly. *I’ll move when you do.*

“But as much as I like the idea of popping your cherry where you popped Nancy Wheeler’s, I do like the gym showers as an option,” he purrs thoughtfully. “Think we could break in after hours?”

--

“How do you know about--” Steve starts and then stops, biting his lip. Billy was baiting him, about the thing with Nancy. And he’s fallen for it like a complete moron.

“Gym showers. Gotcha,” he mumbles, feeling sheepish. He buries his face in Billy’s neck so he can’t see his flushed cheeks.

--

“Unless you wanted to do it in the car again,” Billy suggests, sensing some kind of resistance from Steve. Probably the thought of breaking into the school. “I just thought you might not want to have to get it detailed again so soon,” he smirks.

--

Steve bites Billy’s neck a bit, because, yeah. He’d had to pay for that detailing out of his own pocket since his dad was having none of it. *Asshole.*

“Well, if you hadn’t leaked all over it, man,” he starts and gives Billy’s crotch a fond grope. Which, okay. He’s been *somewhat* aware that Billy is into this, but, wow. Full on hard-on, here. Steve moves his hand away quickly.

--

Billy hums and mimics the movement with his hand against Steve’s groin. Has to force himself to follow it through all the way, to the pulling off part.

“Not my fault you dared me to strip, Harrington,” he purrs against his ear. “We could point blame back and forth all night for what happened back there, but I don’t think that’s what you came here for, is it, *King Steve*?”

--

Billy’s touch startles Steve into a moan, and he quickly has to bite his lip to stop more sounds. Okay, Billy probably has a point about not going all out right here and now -- Steve doesn’t really feel like biting his lips to shreds, and he has a feeling he might if push comes to shove.

“I kinda came here to fuck you through this mattress,” he says pleasantly and pushes his groin into Billy’s to underline the point. It feels a bit less personal, grinding their cocks together, than actually touching Billy, with his *hand*.

“And while the showers would be hot and all…” he grinds against Billy again. This is nice, he can almost feel the sparks flying off of them. “I think I’d rather not be scared shitless that someone could walk in on us, you know, while I’m *fucking* you.”

Fuck. Just saying it is giving him a rush.

--

Billy squeezes his fingers into Steve’s hips tight. Not controlling him, but needing to hold on to something as Steve’s hard-on presses into his through jeans and pajamas. His mouth falls slightly open.

“Fuck,” he pants, arching into the touch. “Yeah, Steve, that sounds… perfect.”

--

Steve has to kiss Billy then because he sounds so fucking needy, and he’s saying Steve’s name - none of that Harrington shit, not when he’s this far gone. He licks up the next small groan Billy lets him have, while he keeps grinding their dicks together.

“So, bed, then?” he asks, because it feels like Billy’s just going to agree with whatever now, and Steve would actually really like to see Billy in his bed. “I could, uh, check when my parents are gonna be out of town next…”

--

Billy grunts and nods, unable to stop himself now from bucking his hips a little on Steve’s next pass.

“Yeah,” he pants, chasing Steve’s lips when he pulls back. “Do that.”

A part of his mind wants to frown, comment on how often the Harringtons seem to go out of town, ask Steve if he’s always alone for that. But he doesn’t want to talk about parents right now. Doesn’t even want to think about them. Right now he’s embarrassingly close to coming in his pants and dammit if he doesn’t want to try.

--

“And you’re gonna let me fuck you, all night long?” Steve asks, even though it’s mostly mindless babble coming out of his mouth now. He doesn’t care if Billy only lets him fuck him once, or until they’re both chafed to hell. Well, maybe he cares a *bit*, but in this moment, it all swims together. It feels like he can say whatever he wants, and he wants to talk about fucking Billy. Because right now, talking about it is the next best thing to actually doing it. That and kissing Billy, who’s looking like Steve is completely rocking his world.

--

Billy smiles wide, pulls Steve down on him hard and kisses him deep

and wet and searching. And all the while the wet of his own precome is starting to slick their movements so deliciously that Billy's legs are shaking a little as they grind against each other.

"Yeah," he grunts, forcing himself to stay quiet. "Fuck me 'til you're shooting goddamn blanks."

With that, his rhythm stutters and bucks as his muscles spasm and his cock pumps sweet release into the fabric of his sweats. He shuts his eyes tight with a frown as he bites down on his lip to stay quiet and digs his short nails into Steve's ass and thigh.

"Mmh fuuck," he mutters as he stills, still panting.

--

"Ow, fuck…" Steve winces and bucks into Billy's grip, because there's no space to move *away*. Then he notices how still Billy has become and slows down a bit, surprised. He's nowhere near as gone yet, but hell, it's hard not to take it as a compliment that Billy Hargrove just came into his pants, because of *him*.

"Hey," he smiles and kisses Billy, who's frowning in the most endearing way. At least Steve's cock seems to think so. "Alright?"

--

Billy snorts and kisses back in spite of himself.

"I think I'll survive," he croaks, adjusting himself a little in his now uncomfortably damp pajamas. "How's it feel to have made a guy come in his pants for the first time?" he half-chuckles, smiling up at Steve teasingly.

--

"Eh," Steve shrugs, feeling a little stupid that he hasn't even considered it like that. Like Billy being the first guy he'll fuck. Or kiss. Or do anything with.

"For all I know, I've made you come in your pants lots of times already," he jabs back because he can't think of anything else. He

rolls off of Billy to the side.

--

Billy shakes his head and chuckles. Turns to press kisses into Steve's exposed neck and palm his erection through his pants.

"You're a cocky motherfucker, aren't you?" he hums into the soft hair covering Steve's ear. He swirls his thumb around the tip of Steve's cock and smiles against his skin. "I like that."

--

Steve takes Billy's hand and holds it still, threading his fingers through Billy's. "Actually, could you-- give me a sec?" he asks softly.

--

Billy pulls back and frowns, blinking.

"You alright?" he asks, trying and failing to make it seem like a joke, staring down at where their hands are intertwined like he's never seen such a thing and can't decide if he likes it or not. He doesn't move to pull them apart.

--

"Yeah, just…" Steve waves his free hand in the air eloquently. More or less. "Just. You know."

Billy probably doesn't, what with the way Steve can't even get the words coming out of his mouth right.

"It's just, it's just a lot."

But he doesn't want Billy to think it's *too much*.

--

Billy sighs. Falls back onto his back at Steve's side. *This is why I don't do virgins,* he thinks, but he knows that isn't going to stop him this time. That rule only made sense when there were non-virgins around

to be fucked. That rule only made sense when Steve Harrington wasn't standing around their depressingly small little town looking forlorn and pretty and fuckably sweet.

He adjusts his head against the pillow and stares up at the popcorn ceiling. "I forget how weird it is, realizing…" he says.

"I had my first kiss with a boy when I was 13. Sean Costa," he huffs a little laugh. "He was so pretty, for a while I convinced myself I just liked that he looked like a girl. But," he shakes his head, the sound of it creating a white noise static in his ears, "then I realized I didn't actually like any actual girls."

Billy turns his head to look at Steve. "It's probably gonna take you some time to get used to it," he shrugs. "But what're you gonna do, let some bigots tell you who you can and can't fuck?"

--

Steve just watches and listens. The way Billy has it all figured out doesn't make him feel less of an idiot, but somehow it makes being an idiot matter less. He brings Billy's hand up to his lips and kisses it.

"Nothing's gonna stop me from fucking *you*, that's for goddamn sure," he murmurs, and smiles. Just saying it still feels good.

--

Billy basks in the way just those words send heat back to his still spent groin and he smirks.

"Well that's all *I* care about," he replies, pressing the thumb of his still entwined hand back against Steve's plump lips teasingly.

--

"Well, I guess we're all good, then," Steve says with a smile and bites Billy's thumb affectionately. Billy pulls a face, which makes Steve laugh, and then Billy is all but trying to smother him and all the sounds he makes. Steve lies still to show that he'll behave, and moves closer to Billy, angling his leg over Billy's groin.

“Listen, I was thinking,” he says, feeling the heat in his cheeks before he even brings up the fucking topic. “When we were talking on the phone…”

--

Billy pulls back a bit from the cold feeling of the wet patch in his pajamas being pressed against his soft cock and moves so that it’s his leg against Steve’s hard-on exerting most of the pressure.

He notices the pink of Steve’s cheeks and resists the urge to touch them, narrowly.

“Yeah?” he asks, barely a breath.

--

“You know,” Steve shrugs like he hasn’t been obsessing about this whole thing even one bit. “When you were, with your fingers…”

Fucking hell, he sounds like a fucking 12-year-old.

“I was thinking, maybe you could show me?”

--

Billy sighs a quiet laugh, shaking his head.

“God, you really want to get us caught, don’t you?” he accuses without bite. Steve glances pointedly at the locked door before turning his puppy-dog stare back on Billy, and Billy kisses him just to shut those convincing eyes up.

“Okay,” he agrees. “But then you’re getting naked too, pretty boy,” he says. “I wanna see how far this tan of yours really goes.”

--

Instead of answering, Steve pops the buttons on his jeans and shimmies them off together with his Calvins, slowing down only when the movement makes the bed creak.

His naked cock bounces against his stomach, making him sigh.

“Naked enough for you?”

--

Billy bites his lip and nods, staring. His mouth waters for that cock, for those tan lines so close to it that Steve must have been wearing nearly nothing the whole time he was away. But that can wait. For now, he turns to the foot of the bed and reaches for the lube he used on their call, bringing it back to settle next to Steve as he shucks off his sticky pajama pants completely.

He gives Steve a thoughtful glance before squirting out some of the lube onto his fingers and warming it in between his hands.

--

Steve’s cock twitches at the sight. He reaches down and gives himself a tug, just the one, and before Billy can curse him out for it he raises both hands in defense, smiling. *Can’t help it. Fuck, but you’re hot.*

--

Billy smirks but locks Steve’s hands where they are with his gaze. *No more touching, pal. That’s my job.*

And then he settles between Steve’s thighs - lifting himself up on his knees - and parts his legs, taking his own limp cock in hand and touching it a little, teasing, as he moves it out of the way for his hand and Steve’s line of sight. He’s never done this before. Never had someone want to watch him finger *himself*, but god, now that the idea’s there it’s *hot.*

He slips his left hand behind his balls and circles his hole a little with wet fingers, staring down at Steve as his eyes widen, watching Billy work a finger into himself. He’s taking his time tonight, not because he needs it, but because he knows Steve does. Remembers how horrified he was the first time someone proposed doing this to *him*, and how much he anticipated the *stretch* of it.

Finally, he lets a finger up inside and he can’t help but close his eyes

and sigh a little. It hadn't used to feel this good. Just strange, really. But now that he's used to it, now that he knows what comes next, even this part gives his cock a little shiver. He rolls his hips into his hand and opens his eyes, and Steve is staring up at him like it's taking all the willpower he has to not lean in and kiss him.

And Billy wants that. Wants Steve's mouth on his and his long fingers up inside him. But for now…

Billy meets Steve's eyes, makes a shushing motion with his lips, and slowly leans down, his right hand coming forward to cradle Steve's hip as he pulls his cock onto his tongue.

--

"Fuck," Steve breathes out, because, *fuck*. Billy isn't playing fair. It's not that he could really see what was going on before, not exactly. But he could see what it was doing to Billy. How his breath hitched when he… how his brows furrowed into a little frown, and a smile at the same time. His tongue coming out just a bit, like he had to concentrate really hard. How Steve has wanted to lick it, kiss him right then, taste what Billy tastes like when he is doing *that*.

Now, though. It is hard to think about anything other than Billy's mouth on his cock. As Billy no doubt intended. *Bastard*.

"Billy," Steve whines. His fingers thread through Billy's hair, and he tugs a bit. "Not fair, I want to…"

--

Billy comes up off the cock in his mouth and licks the head of it quick and soft.

"Shh…" he smirks up at Steve, parting his legs further and settling so his back is arched and his ass his pressed into the air. "Patience, baby," he soothes, dragging his thumb up the vein on the underside of Steve's cock and sucking him back into his mouth, down into his throat just a little, just enough to feel that resistance and push past it.

He groans and slips another finger up his ass.

--

“I want to watch,” Steve protests breathlessly, though his dick is very nearly yelling at him right now to just shut up and enjoy the ride.

Billy is doing that thing that only he can do, that thing where he swallows Steve down all the way, and then Billy *groans*, and Steve has to concentrate on not coming right then and there, it feels so good. It’s getting very hard not to give in and just enjoy Billy’s full attention, and he can hardly see past his dick now, the world beyond Billy’s mouth is just going fuzzy. Like he is having blowjob myopia.

“Billy,” Steve breathes, biting his lip to stifle a moan, “Come on, I wanted to watch you do it, *please*…”

--

“Mm…” Billy slips his mouth off Steve’s angry red cock with a pop and smiles. “You beg so pretty, Harrington. Alright, watch me,” he invites and sits back up on his knees. His cock is filling again slowly now. Not quite at half-mast but noticeably interested, and when he moves it up out of the way for Steve to see his fingers disappearing, he makes sure to leave it free enough that Steve can see it shudder when he turns them just so to hit his prostate.

Billy’s chest rises and falls heavily as he keeps himself from moaning out loud, and for a moment he keeps his eyes closed as he slides fingers out and back in to press into that spot again, hard. Another shiver runs through his body, and he glances down now at Steve.

“Do you wanna do it?” he whispers, still fucking three fingers in and out of himself more shallowly as he talks. “Do you want it to be your fingers, inside me?” he asks, hitting his own prostate again and biting back another groan.

--

Steve is startled out of watching breathlessly, hypnotized by the way Billy is looking so open, blown wide, at the same time he’s doing *that* with his fingers. He wants to ask what it feels like, because hell, just the thought of doing *that* to himself makes him cringe and clench a

little. Makes him shiver and quickly want to think of something else. But the trippy thing is, Billy seems to *enjoy* it. *How*?

“Does it, um. Feel good?” he asks, because honestly, he can’t imagine how it might. But Billy seems to like it. And even if the whole thing is kinda filthy (his fingers? In Bill’s *ass*?), in a weird way, yeah. He’d like to try it. Hell, he’s already planning to put his fucking dick up Billy’s ass. *All. Night. Long.* Can’t hurt to get more familiar with that part of Billy’s body.

“D’you, uh, d’you want me to?”

--

Billy slips his slick fingers out of himself and nods. Clumsily leans forward over Steve again and crawls up, widening his stance so he’s straddling Steve’s thighs. The heady knowledge that in this position it’d be so easy now to just let Steve fuck him after all is dizzying, but Billy stays focused.

“Your fingers are perfect, pretty boy,” he purrs, bringing Steve’s right hand up to his lips and licking them. “Never wanted somebody to finger me before, but you…” He resists the urge to continue with Steve’s fingers until he’s begging again, but only because his ass is feeling empty now and he really does want Steve’s fingers in there.

Billy brings the lube back up to wet Steve’s fingers, and then quickly moves his hand back around to the curve of his ass, guiding him with his own hand as he leans low over Steve’s chest, their cocks hot between them, just barely pressed together.

“Right there,” he breathes as he presses Steve’s index finger to his already slick entrance. “Hm… Go on.”

--

Billy is leaning over Steve, looking at him like he’s hungry, hungry for Steve to touch him. *Fuck*. Steve tries pushing with just that one finger, is surprised when he manages to push in with little resistance. Billy’s face makes him pause, he looks so damn pleased, and he’s moving against Steve just a bit, like he wants Steve to push in deeper.

Steve takes a deep breath, and does just that.

“Like this?”

--

“Yeah.”

Billy bites his lip and groans a little, quietly, just to let Steve know he can keep going. Because at this pace neither of them is going to be getting off for a while. He leans in and kisses Steve on the lips, soft but insistent.

“Come on,” he whispers. “I can take it.”

--

“So fuckin’ pushy,” Steve complains, and then grins at the face Billy pulls. He does want Billy to feel good, but this is all so new, the way he is feeling Billy from the *inside*, the way Billy both seems to clench around him and suck him in. Steve tries to imagine his cock instead of his finger, but can’t. Billy isn’t wet down there, like with a girl. More sticky and squishy. And warm, so warm. It’s weird as hell.

The position is awkward, on his back like this, with Billy above him, and his wrist is starting to ache with the strain.

“Wait, can we--” he leans up. Billy mistakes the move, thinks Steve wants to kiss him, and Steve isn’t going to *not* do that. So it’s a moment before he can free himself and say, “Can you, let me…” and push Billy’s shoulder a bit to get him to lie down. Finally, Billy gets what Steve wants, and helps. Lies down on his back, *spreads his legs*, fuck. Steve has to close his eyes for a moment, because, *fucking fuck,* he’s trying this thing with the fingers for the first time, he has to focus! Again, Billy helps. Guides Steve’s fingers to where he wants them. Steve’s hand brushes against Billy’s cock on the way, and it’s hard again, naked and leaking and impossible to ignore.

--

“Mm,” Billy closes his eyes with a little smile at the touch to his cock. He’s hard enough now that it’s a little annoying how long Steve is

tiptoeing around this. But a little breathtaking as well. The anticipation it's building in his limbs is undeniable. So Billy lays back, open for him, and breathes. Biting his lip a little in anticipation.

"Steve," he whispers, almost hoping he won't hear it. "Please…"

--

There's a tone in Billy's voice that does funny things to Steve's stomach. He presses a kiss to Billy's knee. "Alright, I got you."

He pushes his finger back in, perhaps a little too quickly, Billy is hissing at the friction. Would two fingers be better? Compared to his dick, that's still not even close, but two fingers seems like a lot. Steve knows Billy would yell at him that he can take it, so he smiles, and pushes in two. Moves slowly at first, then a bit faster. Spreads them slightly while he pulls back. It's still a mystery to him what Billy gets out of this. Maybe just because it's someone else doing it, it feels good? Better? Like someone else's hand on your… *fuck*.

Steve leans back, shifts his weight to his knees, and takes Billy's cock in his free hand. Gives it a friendly squeeze. *Hello there.*

--

Billy narrowly resists a laugh at the expression on Steve's face, instead humming appreciatively and pressing into the touches, as infuriatingly slow and unsure as they are. He angles his hips with concentration.

"Wanna see something cool?" he breathes with half a smirk. "Curl your fingers up. Deeper. There's a spot in there… where…" Billy moves a bit on Steve's fingers and frowns, trying hard to help him find his prostate.

--

Steve frowns, crooks his fingers, searches. This reminds him of the time when he had just learned what the clit was and where to find it. He grins. Younger Steve had been all about learning new things. Suddenly Billy jerks around him, and Steve raises his eyebrows. "Getting closer?"

--

Billy bites his lip and nods quickly, his left hand grabbing tight onto Steve's arm.

"Yeah," he grunts. "Mmfuck yeah. Right there."

--

This is new. Billy's looked like he's enjoying this so far, but *that*… He lets go of Billy's cock, needs to concentrate on this shiny new thing. If he angles his fingers just *so* he can make out a little shape to aim for. He brushes it lightly at first, thinking of the clit and how less is sometimes more. Then gets a little more adventurous and full on *nudges* it.

--

If he weren't already biting his lip, Billy's moan at that would have blown their cover immediately. As it is he swallows it almost completely, his knuckles going white bunched up in his dark sheets and Steve's shoulder as his chest heaves.

"Yyeah right there, fuck," he pants quietly as he can, pulling Steve down into a heavy kiss just to do something with his mouth before he risks moaning again.

--

Steve kisses Billy, tastes his stifled groans and moans and at the same time, tries to find the thing that'll make Billy *not* manage to keep quiet. He knows it's bad, he doesn't want them to get caught, not really. Just, watching Billy holding himself back is hot, and makes Steve want to be so fucking good to him that he just *can't*.

So he puts his all into making love to that funny little spot inside Billy, strokes over it, circles it, rubs it. He'd kiss it and roll his tongue over it if he could. But his fingers aren't too bad at this thing, either.

--

Billy's cock is leaking in earnest now and he wants to come so bad,

he's right on the edge of it and his body's tense all over with anticipation. He reaches down between them to give himself a hand and turns kisses to Steve's neck where he can lick and suck and muffle all his moans against the older boy's spotted skin.

His balls tense threateningly and Billy tightens his grasp on Steve in warning, arching his back as the heat coils tighter in his belly, and then all at once he's gasping and spilling out over his hand onto his chest and abs.

It feels so good to come like this Billy lets himself completely deflate under Steve's stilling hands and closes his eyes for a moment to soak it in. He takes his hand off of his cock and wipes it on the sheet. Raises his hands above his head and just lets out a fucking sigh of relief because *fuck,* it's been too long since he came like that.

"I haven't forgot about you, Harrington," he promises after a while, eyes still closed. "It's your turn in a second. I just gotta… Wow."

--

"Yeah, yeah," Steve teases, wiping his sticky fingers on the sheet, because, well. Billy did the same, so. "You gotta rest because I'm just *that* good."

He leans up and holds Billy's arms with his clean hand, lets their fingers tangle together while he lazily kisses Billy's neck, sucks on his earlobe. His cock is softly grinding against Billy's lean stomach, but it's not a burning desire right now, despite the fact that he hasn't come yet that night, not even once. Just knowing how sweetly Billy has come apart at his hands - *literally* - is a fucking rush. He could do that shit all night.

Even if it is *way* gay.

--

"You smug little…" Billy opens his eyes and nips teasingly at Steve's ear so he'll turn his face, then nips at his mouth with a smirk and kisses him.

Steve keeps up his gentle rutting, and his warm cock sliding up

against Billy's slick skin, but it's not desperate, it's not insistent like his kisses are. Billy hums into his open mouth and slips his tongue inside exploringly.

He doesn't do this, usually, doesn't share the afterglow. But with Steve still hard above him, it feels enough like a continuation of the fucking around that it sneaks under his radar. So he lets the hormones take him over without thinking, gets pliant and clingy and holds Steve to him close, rubbing hands over his body while their lips work soft and hungry against each other.

It feels nice to have Steve's cock against him, hard and hot but not urgent, and tasting these lips - pressing their mouths together - is something Billy's lusted after for months. So getting to see just how good Steve is at the things he *knows* how to do… Making out is clearly something the prep has been doing for years, and his mouth is as good as it looks.

--

It feels great to rock like this against Billy, with him, trading lazy kisses like they could be doing this for days and weeks, like they have all the time in the world. Steve imagines them falling asleep like this, waking up in the morning with him still hard and Billy still looking at him with stars in his eyes.

He reaches for himself then, keeping that image frontmost in his mind. Billy in the morning. Cranky, bitchy, probably. But at this moment, Steve feels confident that he could kiss Billy happy again.

Suddenly Billy's hand joins his own on his cock. And just like that, Steve shivers, pushed surprisingly close to the edge.

--

"How do you want it, pretty boy?" Billy asks softly, pulling just away from their kiss to speak. "Where do you want to come tonight?"

--

"Uh…" *Up your ass*, Steve wants to say, but he doesn't want to ruin the mood now, and he knows better. Besides, something's just

occurred to him. He grips his cock hard to keep from coming and stares into Billy's blown-dark eyes with a surprised smile.

"You really think I'm pretty," he accuses breathlessly, because it only just hit him, and he's feeling a little high, what with Billy's hand on his cock. "You've *meant* it all this time!"

--

Billy snorts. He can't help it. He almost breaks into a real laugh, but stops himself just in time.

"Yeah, Harrington," he sighs, bringing a hand up to play with the soft hair at the side of Steve's face. "What, do you think I'm blind? You're gorgeous, baby, and you know it."

--

Steve almost blushes, because, okay. He's kinda good-looking. The chicks seem to dig it, at least.

"But it's different if *you* say it," he mumbles, turning his face so Billy's hand touches him. "Jackass," he adds as an afterthought because Billy calling him sweet things makes him unsure how to react. Also, 98% of the time Billy *is* a jackass.

--

Billy raises an amused eyebrow at that.

"Well you are," he continues, following Steve's lead and drawing his thumb down the side of his cheek. "You're distractingly pretty. It's actually really fucking annoying. Makes it damn hard to concentrate when you're around. And when you're not around. Asshole."

--

Steve chuckles and gives himself a hard squeeze and a tug because *fuck*. He thinks he wants Billy to be fucking annoyed if the reason for it is himself being pretty. His breath hitches and his hips stutter, and Billy's hand is moving at his head again, circling around the slit so teasingly, like he's just waiting for Steve to come.

“Fuck,” he moans and jacks himself fast once, twice, before he’s coming on Billy’s soft dick, all over his stomach, all the way up to his chest. “Fuck,” he repeats weakly, and slumps down against Billy’s side.

--

“Mm,” Billy smirks, looking down at the evidence of three orgasms painted up his middle now and wondering idly how different they taste. “You even come pretty,” he teases as Steve settles into the crook of his arm. But Steve doesn’t respond.

“You can catch your breath, but you know you can’t stay here,” he points out, his hand playing idly with Steve’s hair. Steve’s only response is to hum softly and dig in deeper. “Steve,” Billy laughs quietly, squirming. “Hey. You can’t just sleep in a guy’s bed after fingering him and coming on his chest. We’ll both be killed.”

But it’s clear now. Steve, the fucking nerve of him, is already asleep. Billy’s chest tightens. *Fuck.*

“Harrington,” he hisses, decidedly less after-glowy now. “Jesus. Come on.” He gives him a shove. Slaps him a little. Gives his sensitive cock a cruel squeeze. Steve just groans a little too loud, causing Billy’s heart to stop, and continues to sleep.

Billy freezes and listens carefully for any sign of movement from the rest of the house. Has no idea what he’d do if Neil tried to come in. But it’s quiet. He sighs and glances at his watch - 2:30 am - and decides that, fine, Steve can sleep for a while.

After all, he’s beautiful like this. A little bit enchanting. Billy will let him sleep for half an hour at most, and then he’ll wake him up and get him the hell out of his room. Because Neil wakes up early, and Billy’s shaking a little just *thinking* about what he’d do if he saw *this*.

It’s kind of nice having something to curl up into against those shivers though. And as Billy pulls his sheets up over them both, he thinks maybe he’ll close his eyes a little and indulge in that small comfort while he can.

--

--

There's soft hair tickling his face, but that's not what wakes Steve up.

Even through the deep haze of sleep, Steve can hear drawers opening and shutting. A spoon clinking against the side of a mug. Morning sounds from the kitchen. He groans and tries to sit up. It's still dark outside, but his bedroom looks so different, how the fuck did that lamp get there? He nearly jumps when something stirs beside him. *Jesus Christ! It's Billy!* The whole night rushes back to him.

"Hey," Steve whispers, shaking him slightly. Billy comes to with a start, and Steve feels suddenly sorry for waking him. "I gotta go," Steve hums, and reaches for his jeans and underpants which have been pushed to the end of the bed. Billy doesn't even try to hold him back, not even a little bit. *Rude*. Hadn't Steve rocked his world just last night?

--

Billy's never felt his heart rate jump so all at once. He glances at his watch and nearly cries. *How the fuck did that happen?* He's vaguely aware of Steve moving around beside the bed, quietly and quickly dressing himself, but then he leans in for a kiss and that is far too much.

"Get out of here, Harrington, you've had enough," he hisses, shrugging him off and sitting up with distaste at the way his skin stretches and wrinkles under lines of dried come. Steve looks hurt, almost heartbroken, but Billy couldn't care less. It'll be him being broken if Neil catches them, and the longer he stays the more likely that becomes. "Go on, you entitled ass, what're you waiting for, an engraved invitation?"

--

"Up yours," Steve mumbles, but he still can't be too angry, because Billy has bedhead, and it's *hilarious*. Also, Steve rocked his fucking world last night. He knows he did. Billy's not a morning person, then.

It happens. He'll remember how spectacularly good Steve was at this gay sex thing later, and then he'll apologize to Steve and ask if he can please give Steve another blowjob. And Steve will let him, because he's just that nice.

Steve shrugs into his jacket and makes for the window.

"See you later, dickhead," he whispers fondly and leaves. Stealthy, like a fucking ninja.

Notes for the Chapter:

> In case anyone is interested, there are mood-board things for each of the fics in this series up on Theo's tumblr here, great for reblogging and sharing with your friends ;)

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